



# JIMMY RIDDLE.

As sung by HARRY RICHMOND.

Now, I'll tell you, if I can, of a pretty girl called Nan,  
Who stole the young affections of this individual.  
I never knew no love, but I know it now, by Jove !  
And I sorrow through the treatment of a false young gal !  
She was a perfect Venus : and, had nothing come atween us,  
We might have been as happy as a great big turtle-dove.

CHORUS.

But a man, named Jimmy Riddle, what played upon the fiddle,  
He managed for to swindle me out of my true love.

At a bakery, down in Grand, you will please to understand,  
I first beheld my Nancy, who behind the counter stood.  
She looked so neat and nice, while serving out her pies  
To the many hungry customers ! The sight would do you good.  
Rather hungry I did feel : so, I thought a little eel  
Would gain a smile from Nancy, if not beneficial prove.  
But oh ! that Jimmy Riddle, the man that played the fiddle,  
I knew that he would swindle me of my true love.

Now, I told my love to Nan, like an honest, good young man.  
She smiled and wiped her nose, and said that I was very kind,  
And if I would but stay till her twenty-first birth-day,  
She'd think the matter over and let me know her mind.  
The fiddler used to frown so, I thought I'd done him brown.  
To gain a smile from Nancy... what happiness ! by Jove !  
But, oh ! that Jimmy Riddle, what played upon the fiddle,  
He managed for to swindle me of my true love.

Now, her birth-day drawing near, thinks I, I'll go and see her.  
So, in I goes, quite full of hope, into her little shop ;  
But judge of my surprise ! there was another girl serving pies.  
My head began to spin around, and I thought that I should drop  
Thinks I : I'll know the worst, my brain it almost burst :  
I asked for Nan : the young woman my worst of fears did prove.

SPOKEN : Why, haven't you heard the news ? Why,  
we have got the laugh at you : and I discovered  
that :

She'd married Jimmy Riddle, the man that played the fiddle,  
He managed for to swindle me of my true love.

Now, I doesn't mean to fret, though I never yet have met  
A girl half like my Nancy, so loving and so nice.  
And as to Riddle, he, if my will should be,  
Compelled to live on nothing else but little pies ;  
And if his days they were not short, they're better than I

thought.  
So, farewell ! darling Nancy, though faithless you did prove !  
Bad luck to Jimmy Riddle ! I'd like to smash his fiddle :  
For, he managed for to swindle me of my true love.

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